LIKE will to *LIKE*,

AS THE

Scabby SQUIRE

Said to the

Mangey VISCOUNT.

Set forth in the HISTORY of

WILL. SQUELSH, and *HARRY HALTER*, formerly Servants at the *Red-Lyon* in *Brentford*.

Bleſt Pair! whom Bards to future Time ſhall tell
In future Tongues; each others Boaſt, Farewell. TICKELL.

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PART I.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

PART I.

Like will to *Like*, &c.

THE

INTRODUCTION.

HAVING my whole Life been converſant with *Simples*, I look upon my ſelf no unfit Perſon to write Hiſtory; which, according to the beſt Judges, ſhou'd be plain, and not ornamented with unneceſſary Flouriſhes. The Profeſſion I have been bred to, and which I thank God I for many Years practis'd with Reputation, has led me to ſee Things as they really are, and to form an Opinion accordingly. I have taken great Pains to come at Truth, and never *filed* any thing, that I had not ſome of the *beſt Hands* in Town for my Vouchers.

The Reader in the following *Handful* will find, I have not pretended to *gild* any Fact in order to pleaſe ſqueamiſh Palates. No, I hope theſe Sheets will not be look'd upon as *Wafer-Paper*, to make things go down more glibly. TRUTH may perhaps prove an *Emetic* to

ſome; but I wou'd entreat ſuch to conſider, that *Lenitives* only, are no more proper *Remedies* for every Conſtitution, than *MOORE's Worm-Powder* wou'd be for an *ERISIPELAS*: 'Tis Truth alone I make uſe of *ſecundum artem*, in my atramental *Compoſitions*; and I defie Mankind, or the ſevereſt CENSOR, to pick out any thing but meer *Facts* from my *Books*, out of the *cordial* Love I bear my Native Country; nor do I think my ſelf at liberty to impoſe upon them, any more than to order *Cantharides* for a *Conſumption*.

As my Buſineſs frequently led me thro' *BRENTFORD*, I came acquainted with ſome Paſſages at the *RED-LYON*, which I thought Poſterity ſhou'd not be ignorant of. I don't take upon me to *preſcribe* to Futurity; but I have hopes the following Account will abate the *Inſania* of ſome Men's Minds, againſt a very worthy Perſon often mention'd in theſe Pages: Tho' indeed I deſpair of convincing every body; an *ill Habit* of Mind is more difficultly remov'd, than *one* of the *Body*: *That* I ſhou'd know well enough how to deal with; but to bring all *Patients* into one way of thinking, can no more be done, than one *Medicine* can be found out to agree with every one of their *Caſes*, and is as little to be expected, as that the *Cortex* ſhou'd prevent a *Land-Tax*, tho' a *periodical Diſeaſe*.

Take then, courteous Reader, this little Hiſtory, I entreat you, not as a *Drug* that lay upon my Hands; but look upon it as a *Sanative Elixir*, that may (by the Bleſſing of Providence) remove any *peccant Humours* thou may'ſt have contracted. *Fruere & Vale.*

CHAP. I.

A ſhort Account of the RED-LYON *Inn.* TOM. TRUSTY *the* Chamberlain *mention'd, and a Character of* WILL. SQUELSH.

AS I wou'd not willingly have a Perſon diſguſted at the Productions of an induſtrious Author, eſpecially in the firſt Leaf of his Labours, I ſhall avoid offering any Propoſition, in which a *gentle Reader* will not readily concur with me.

I take it therefore for granted, that a good Inn to Travellers is a very great Bleſſing: Now that every body, whoſe Occaſions have led 'em the Weſtern Road, muſt have found the *Red-Lyon* at *Brentford* ſo, is in my Opinion inconteſtable; eſpecially ever ſince honeſt *TRUSTY*, the *Chamberlain*, has had the Management of the Houſe. Indeed, when he firſt undertook the Office, every Thing was in the greateſt Confuſion and Diſorder. There was ſcarce any Malt-drink in the Cellar; the Wines were prick'd, the Larder empty, the Rooms dirty; not a Wench in the Houſe fit for a Gueſt to lay Leg over; neither Hay or Corn in the Stables; and all occaſion'd by the Negligence of a Set of Servants, who had no Regard to the Credit or Intereſt of their Maſter.

Affairs in ſuch a Situation wou'd have deter'd a leſs indefatigable Perſon than *TRUSTY* from

from engaging in 'em; but the great Affection he had for the Maſter of the Houſe (a very worthy Man) made him think no Difficulties too great, to eſtabliſh my good Landlord in Trade and Reputation. He therefore very heartily came into his Service, and the firſt Step he took, was to get rid of an *ignorant, idle Crew*, who car'd not what became of the Houſe, ſo they were but maintain'd.

WILL. SQUELSH (whoſe Hiſtory I now write) was born of honeſt Parents; had been brought up at a Free-School, and wrote and read written Hand tolerably well. By the Death of an *old Relation*, who had made ſome Money by *pairing of Doves*, he found himſelf Maſter of a little Eſtate in *Ratcliff-High-way*, and conſequently grew Purſe-proud. Before this Acquiſition, *TOM.* had always been kind to the Lad, as it was his natural Temper to do Kindneſſes where they were wanted; tho' it was often his ill Luck to miſplace 'em, and to have put many in a Condition to be ungrateful, which, without his Favour, cou'd never have happened.

WILL. in his Perſon was *ſhort* and *corpulent*, which was attributed to his great Affection for hot Loaves and Treacle. He had a pretty Volubility of Tongue, acquir'd by repeating mumming Verſes in *Chriſtmas* Holidays, and on *Gunpowder Treaſon* Nights; was *impetuous* in his Talk, *impatient* of Contradiction, tho' never ſo juſtifiable, and lov'd *ſcratching* of *Sums* in Chalk, upon all the Window-Shutters, or Dead-Walls he came near; which he had been encourag'd to by one *DANIEL DUNDERHEAD*, a Relation, who profeſs'd teaching Arithmetick, and

wou'd

wou'd allow no body to caſt up a Sum right, but himſelf.

With this ſmattering of Figures *WILL.* thought himſelf no ſmall Fool, and imagin'd he was qualify'd for any Place. Now what befel him in the purſuit of his Ambition, the *curious Reader* will be acquainted with by a farther peruſal.

CHAP. II.

How WILL. *fell in Love, and married* plump WINNY, *a* Welſh Earthen Waremonger's *Daughter.*

IT is the Saying of an ingenious *Latin* Poet, who at this Time is out of my Memory, *Amor omnibus idem*; which, for the Information of my Female Peruſers, and your *Gentlemen Commoners*, is as much as to ſay, *Love plays his Pranks with every Body.* *WILL.* who was of a very warm Diſpoſition, and had found the Inconveniencies of giving frequent Securities to Church-Wardens for *By-Blows*, now reſolv'd to ſet up for a Perſon of Probity, turn'd his Thoughts to Wedlock, and pitch'd upon *plump WINNY* of *Iſleworth* (a good clever Red-hair'd Girl) for his Sweetheart. Her Father originally cry'd *Muſtard Pots* and *Glaſs Tumblers* about Streets, but in Time got ſuch a Circumſtance, as enabled him to hire a large Barn, and to trade by Wholeſale in *Welſh* Ware, and which

which he rang'd ſo happily, that all the Town flock'd to ſee his Goods, and cou'd not reliſh any thing that was not bak'd, or put into one of his Pans. *WINNY*, as I've ſaid, was a tight Laſs, tho' not entirely free from * * * * * for * * * * *

CHAP. III.

What happen'd after WILL.*'s Match, how he was taken into the Inn, and made Keeper of the* Bottle-Rack.

THO' for some time after *WILL*'s Marriage he liv'd pretty comfortably, yet to be out of Business did not suit with his Temper. His Father-in-Law, who did not want *Cunning*, continually persuaded him to get into some Place, extoll'd his Genius for Service, and promis'd him his Advice, to make the *most* on't. *WILL.* who lov'd Money hugely, cou'd not see without grudging, the Drawers at the *Red Lyon* generally getting Money, nor well brook *Winny*'s teazing him about it. *Surely*, says she, *you are as well qualify'd for Business as your Friend the* Chamberlain; *you can bow as civilly to Strangers, and make, or take a Reckoning with the best of 'em, therefore endeavour to get into the Family, or you shall never hear the last on't.*

This work'd in *WILL*'s Gizzard for some time, and he was determin'd to get as well as the rest. Upon his acquainting *TRUSTY* with his Inclinations, he had his good Word for him to my Landlord; and his being bound for his Honesty, preferr'd him to the Care of the *Bottle-Rack*, and *Tobbacco Pipes*, which was thought a very tolerable beginning; and because the Fellow had had a School Education, he was allow'd to be often with his Master's

eldeſt Son; this he endeavour'd to make a right Uſe of, hoping to be *firſt Favourite*, when his young Maſter came to keep the Houſe himſelf.

TOM. was ſo good temper'd, and found ſuch real Pleaſure in ſerving any he imagin'd a Friend, that his Advice was never wanting to *SQUELSH*, upon all Occaſions: And often when he was otherwiſe employ'd, he ſent him up to Gentlemen's Rooms in his ſtead, where he let his Tongue run at Random, and wou'd have perſuaded Gueſts, that *he* knew more of the Houſe than any Body, and that his Maſter cou'd not do without *him*.

To this Indulgence, his Arrogance afterwards may in a great meaſure be imputed. Frequently when Company have call'd for a Bill, while *TOM.* has been ſpecifying the particular Articles, *he'd* take upon him very impertinently to do it quicker, and wou'd perhaps obſerve (thinking to recommend his Parts) that there was a *Pimp* miſreckon'd, that no *Oil or Vinegar* had been us'd, or that a *ſweet Lemon* ſhou'd be deducted; tho' it always prov'd an *Overſight* of his *own*, for no body murmur'd at their Bills. But this *TRUSTY* took no Notice of, believing it not to proceed from any Malice to him, but a Forwardneſs to appear careful and diligent to Cuſtomers.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

How the World ran mad *all of a ſudden for* BOTTLE DRINK.

IT will be neceſſary for the better underſtanding this Treatiſe, to take a little Notice how Affairs at the *Red-Lyon* came into ſo much Confuſion, as was mention'd in the firſt Chapter. I muſt therefore deſire the *Reader*, (if he has got ſo far) to be patient, while I acquaint him, as briefly as poſſible, with the occaſion. It happen'd that the *Dog Days* were warmer than uſual, and a *little dirty* French *Raſcal* (one *BAISEZ MECU*) who kept the *Flower-de-Luce* over the Way, had entic'd a great many Travellers to him, by writing under his Sign,

Excellent Bottled Drink,

That will neither make you Sick, nor Sorry.

This Whim drew in every body that paſs'd by; and the Door of the *Red-Lyon* was deſerted, while there was hardly any getting in at the *Frenchman's* for the Crowd. But the *deluded Throng* at laſt grew ſenſible of their *Error*; the Drink was *whizzy*, and the firſt Draught fluſter'd 'em to ſuch a degree, that they did not know what they were about, and call'd and call'd ſo frequently, that they left all the Money they had in their Pockets behind 'em, being extreamly pleas'd with their *Bub*, and *Monſieur's* Promiſes that they need not be *thirſty* again, as long as they breath'd, ſince he alone

brew'd with *MISISIPPI* Water. The Intoxication continu'd for ſome Months; but after that, they were reſtor'd to their Senſes, and found themſelves ſtrip'd of every *Jack*, having leiſure to repent (for *BAISEZ MECU* had wiſely decamp'd) of their *Folly* and love of Novelties.

During the run at the *Flower-de-Luce*, *BAM* the then Tapſter at the *Lyon* (who 'twas thought went half's with the *Frenchman* in his Project) perſuaded his Maſter to fall into Bottling his Beer too; *for*, ſays he, *every body now deſpiſes Barrel Drink, and we don't take a Sice, where we us'd to receive Five Shillings. Here has not ſtop'd a Herſe this Month; the Dead leave us in the lurch, and the very Mourners throng for a Draught of BLUESKIN over the Way.*

But *TOM. TRUSTY* (who was at that time in the Family, and whom my Landlord had a good Opinion of) repreſented how ſcandalous it wou'd be for one of *his* Reputation, to take the ſame Methods with a *half ſtarv'd Papiſt*, and *bite* poor Folks of their Money, by promiſing what was *not in nature to be perform'd*: That the Fellow at the *Flower-de-Luce* might ſhut up his Doors at any time, *pay his Debts with a Spunge*, and vamp from his Creditors when he pleas'd; a Behaviour not at all ſuitable with an *honeſt* Engliſh *Houſe-keeper* of his Character in the World.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

BAM *over-perſuades his Maſter to ſell* Nick and Froth, *with what happen'd upon it.*

NOtwithſtanding this Remonſtrance of *TRUSTY's*, and all that he cou'd urge for his Maſter's Reputation, *BAM* grew outrageous. *If the World*, ſays he, *are run wild for Froth, let 'em fill their Guts with it, and be damn'd, 'tis none of our Buſineſs how they get rid on't; Coin I truſt is our Concern:* —— and in ſhort, by inſinuating to my Landlord, that *TOM.* only oppos'd this *Scheme* as coming from him, the eaſy, good-natur'd Man, who grew in Years, not foreſeeing the ill Conſequences that happen'd afterwards to his Cuſtomers, left the Management of the Houſe to his ſole Direction: So accordingly a Board was ſet up (but with promiſe of much better Uſage) like his *Neighbour*; who, having wound up his Bottom, fairly walk'd off, (as *TRUSTY* foreſaw) and left the *Red Lyon* to take in *thoſe*, whom *he* had not already *made his Market of.*

Honeſt *TOM.* who griev'd to ſee his Maſter perſuaded into a thing ſo much to his Prejudice, and finding his Advice ſlighted, gave my Landlord Warning; aſſuring him, while he had the *Bottle Scheme* in his Head, and neglected his real Trade, his Service cou'd be of no Uſe to him: *WILL. SQUELSH*, who was receiv'd into the Family by his means, thought of accompanying his Patron; for his Father-in-

in-Law very prudently gueſs'd, that things cou'd not go on ſo long, and that *TRUSTY* muſt unavoidably be reſtor'd again, whenever *he pleas'd* himſelf; ſo that he determin'd him to ſhare his Friend's Fortune: tho' it was whiſper'd about *Brentford* that he had offer'd to Cork the Bottles, and was refus'd; *BAM* imagining that as *WILL.* had many Obligations to *TOM.* the Tender of his Service was only by way of *Spy*, not conſidering it was meer *Self-Intereſt* mov'd him to it, which generally influenc'd his Actions, when *Malice* or *Revenge* did not get the better of that.

CHAP. VI.

A ſhort Digreſſion concerning BAISEZ-MECU, *and the Uſage his Cuſtomers met with when they came to their Senſes.*

HAving lately mention'd that the Intoxication did not laſt long, I fancy the Reader will not be diſpleas'd with hearing how the *Travellers* were uſed by *BAISEZMECU* (before he ſhab'd off) when they came to have Senſe enough to demand what he had chous'd 'em off. Upon a Meeting of ſeveral of 'em, they naturally compar'd Notes, confeſs'd what had happen'd at the *Flower-de-luce* ſeem'd a ridiculous Dream, laugh'd at each others Credulity, and determin'd to expoſtulate with the Landlord, and try whether they cou'd get any thing from

from him again; ſo to't they went. All own'd themſelves willing to pay for *what* they had *had*, but ſaw no Reaſon to be charg'd for the *Stock* he pretended to keep in his Cellar: That *he* had *groſsly impos'd* upon the Publick in his Sign, for that their Stomachs had been very much out of order, and were never more *chagrin'd* in their Lives; *both* which, *he* had *aſſur'd* 'em ſhou'd never happen. *Jernie bleu*, ſays the little Upſtart, *have I kept Perſons of the firſt Faſhion out of my Houſe, for you to booze and play your Gambols in, and d'ye expect me to conſider ye for loſing by you? Here's Conſcience in the Devil's Name! I had Dukes, Lords, and Ribbands of all Colours, wou'd have given their Ears for a Room in my Houſe, which you fill'd, with a Pox t'ye: And 'tis well known, many Ladies of Quality pawn'd their Jewels and Pin-Money to raiſe the Wind, and wou'd have taken forty Dozen a piece of my Drink, cou'd I have ſpar'd it from ſuch greedy Guzzlers as you all were: And you'd perſwade me*, Morbleu, *to conſider you for this good Turn too, I ſuppoſe? As for the Liquors not agreeing with your Stomachs, thank your own curſed Conſtitutions, and don't blame me; if you were fond of ſwallowing more than you cou'd bear, whoſe Fault's that? You ſhou'd have conſider'd all this in* TIME; *and* then, *as I promis'd, you'd have no Reaſon to be in the Dumps with me, or your ſelves either. Pri'thee, honeſt Friends, go take a Nap; o'my Conſcience you are a little beſides your ſelves: Do but compoſe, and I'll warrant Things will go well enough. A pretty Sett of reaſonable modeſt People truly!* This was all cou'd be got out of him, for before they cou'd make a ſecond Viſit, he left the Key under the Door, and ſlip'd beyond Sea.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

How Things went on at the Red-Lyon *for ſome Time, and of* WILL. SQUELSH's *Behaviour.*

NOtwithſtanding the many Examples made by the *Frenchman*, the Humour of *bottled Drink* ſtill prevail'd with the Populace. Indeed *BAM* pretended that he had taken *ſuch Precautions*, that any one might ſwill the Beer of the *Lyon*, without apprehenſion of thoſe ill Conſequences that attended *BAISEZMECU's* vile Draught. That *he* made uſe of *Lemon-peel* and *Cloves*, (very great *Carminitives*) to prevent any Miſchiefs, and ſuch wou'd infallibly preſerve all Lovers of the Bottle from *Cholick* or *Giddineſs*; and *moreover*, that while they continu'd to drink of it, they wou'd *never* want a Shilling: That he ſcorn'd *getting* any thing by Gentlemen in a *pitiful* manner, was at a conſiderable Charge in fetching Water from the **South-Sea**, and that *he* always gave full *Wincheſter* Meaſure, whereas the *Flower-de-luce* made ſeven Quarts of a Gallon.

The Liquor went down *pleaſantly* at *firſt*, and for ſome time after *TRUSTY* left the Family things were carried on ſwimmingly; there was conſtantly a Houſe full, and not a Servant in the Family ſober.

TOM, at parting, wiſh'd his Maſter good Luck, and at the ſame time hinting his Fears of the Cuſtomers leaving him in the lurch, intreated

treated him not to bottle too many Hogſheads, for fear of having 'em left upon his Hands. Moſt of *TRUSTY*'s Acquaintance were ſurpriz'd, (knowing the Integrity of the Man) at his leaving the *Red-Lyon*, and were anſwer'd, that no Diſlike to the Landlord oblig'd him to it, but a Difference between the *Tapſter* and *him*, becauſe he cou'd not agree that a *Quart Pot held two Gallons*, and that Cuſtomers ſhou'd *pay* for it accordingly.

TOM. upon all *proper* Occaſions declar'd *his Opinion and Deteſtation* of *BAM*'s Project, and diſſwaded the Town from being *drawn in* by *Appearances*, but to *no* Purpoſe: So difficult is it to perſwade People to *Reaſon, who* are bent upon *believing only what* they *wiſh*. *WILL.* who was always hurry'd away by his *Paſſions*, to curry favour (as he thought) with his Friend, ſwore he wou'd not mince Matters, but call'd *BAM* all the *ſharping Cut-throat Raſcals* he cou'd think of: And often at the *Horſe-ſhoe Club*, he held forth with *Vehemence*, warning the Neighbourhood of calling at *the Red-Lyon*. A true Copy of one of his Speeches, an Exciſe-Man, a Member of the Club, having favour'd me with, ſhall be the Entertainment of the enſuing Chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

WILL's *Harangue at the* HORSE-SHOE.

NO ſooner were the Members met, but *WILL.* firſt *adjuſting* his *Bob*, *looking* on his *right Toe*, *caſting an Eye* round the Table, and other *Oratorial Preparations*, began thus:

For all BAM's *plauſible Pretences, you will find it extreamly dangerous,* good Chriſtian Neighbours, *to frequent the* Red-Lyon. *You'll be ſous'd, before you can well pick your Teeth, or go to the* Jordan. *That* damn'd bottled Ale, *will* gripe *you to the* Devil. *It will rummage the* Conſtitution *ſo* damnably, *that three Cart Loads of* **Cenna** *and* **Jalop** *are* **Diaſcordium** *to't. If it once gets into your* Heads, *you won't have a Rag left to cover your* Tails. *Here's* honeſt *TOM and* I *wou'd not ſtay in the Houſe where it was going round, tho'* we *might have had our Skin-fulls for nothing. Is the* Flower-de-luce *out of Gentlemen's Memories? And d'ye hope* BAM's Cloves and Lemon-peel (*plague on him*) *will ſerve for* Shirts *when you are left naked?* Dear loving Friends, *ſtick to* mild Beer, *and don't think* (*for all the* Aſſurances *of your never wanting* Caſh) *becauſe* he *has made you* addle-pated, *that a* Teſter *is* half a Guinea,—— Blood and Brimſtone! *'tis as much a* Farthing Candle. *I promiſe you,* I *and a* Friend *of* mine *cypher as well as any Men in* England, *either with Figures, or our Fingers, and yet I find it* impoſſible *to make* Two and Six Pence *above* Half a Crown, *tho' chang'd into* Braſs. *Can't you perceive 'tis only a* Scheme, *to get all your* ready Money? *And when you are worth* nothing, *who the Devil will give* more *for you?* Thus he ran on, thinking to *endear* himſelf to *TRUSTY*; who, not having it in his Power to ſerve his old Maſter, nor *benefit* the Neighbours by his *good Counſel,* ſat down contented with the *Satisfaction* of having *no ſhare* in *deluding* Cuſtomers.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

How Travellers grew ſick of BAM's *Impoſition; and* TOM. TRUSTY's *being reſtor'd; with what happened to the Vicar of* Brentford.

THO' I don't imagine it owing to *WILL.*'s Speeches, that Affairs at the *Red-Lyon* began to take another Turn, yet certain it is, the People who at firſt ſo *eagerly* thirſted after *BAM*'s Drink, were now the moſt forward in running it down. There was ſcarce a Perſon in the Country but what *felt* the *ill Effects* on't, and they pour'd out a competency of Curſes upon the *Author*. The Populace in their *fury* laid violent Hands upon the **Brewers**, ſwearing *they* had put ſomething in the working, that drove 'em out of their *Senſes*; but at laſt let 'em go, having firſt ſeiz'd the beſt part of their *Stock* by way of Recompence; and *BAM* who dreaded being pull'd to pieces, as the *chief Contriver*, readily join'd with the *common Cry*, ſwore the Drink was not *hop'd* enough, or ſuch Miſchief cou'd never have happen'd, and threw all the *Blame* upon the unfortunate **Brewers**.

But the *well-meaning* Landlord had now detected *BAM*, and pitying the Calamities of his Cuſtomers, determin'd to get out of his *Clutches* as ſoon as poſſible. He often wiſh'd for *honeſt TOM*. but reflecting how he had neglected his *Advice*, he fear'd he had taken Miff, and wou'd not willingly return to his Service. However *he* had too real a regard for his Old Maſter, to leave him in Difficulties, when he thought he cou'd relieve him: He was ſent for, and they

ſoon renew'd their former Intimacy. *BAM* was not entirely caſt off, but had *leſs* to do in the Family, and was *little* minded, which drove him to tippling *Geneva* and *all Sixes*, that ſoon after ſent him to the Church-yard. *WILL. SQUELSH* was not forgot in this Re-inſtatement, but promoted to keep the *Till* of the *Tap*, tho' he plagu'd *TRUSTY* to let him inſpect the *Books*, and make out the *Bills*, which for *many Reaſons* was not granted.

By *TOM*'s Care and Diligence Travellers forgot the *Bottled Drink*, and met with ſuch civil Entertainment, that more Cuſtomers than ever frequented the *Red-Lyon*. *TRUSTY* paid the Tradeſmen honeſtly, and manag'd every thing to his Maſter's *Credit* and *Advantage*.

It happen'd about this time, that Parſon *TOUCHHOLE*, the *Vicar of* Brentford (the moſt litigious of the Cloth, and who hated my Landlord moſt *religiouſly*) had a deſign of ſupplanting him in his Houſe, with a **Friend** of *his*, who had an *Outlawry* againſt him, which forc'd him to abſcond *Abroad*; and in order to compaſs his Ends, he ſpread Reports how the Leaſe of the *Lyon* was near expir'd, that he cou'd ſtop the renewing it (for *he'd* fain have made believe it was *only held* from the **Dean** and **Chapter** of **Weſtminſter**) nay, he went ſo far, as to *counterfeit* a Licence from ſome neighbouring Juſtices, in favour of his **Friend** to perſuade Folks that the preſent Poſſeſſor was not to hold it long. But *ſly* as he thought himſelf, *TRUSTY* ſoon found him out, and having a mind to do *WILL.* a piece of Service, gave him the *Credit* of drawing up his Accuſation at the *Quarter Seſſions*. By his Friend's *Aſſiſtance* he acquitted himſelf tolerably well,

and

and was very near being considerably advanc'd, had not he quickly behav'd *ungratefully*, and that it came to be publickly known he had the least hand in this Business, and the *Reputation* of **Points**, he was *unequal* to.

Many other Facts of a *felonious* Nature coming against the VICAR, he was forc'd to brush off, and *WILL.* held up his Head at no rate, looking upon himself as the chief Instrument of freeing *Brentford* from so *troublesome* a Tythetaker; and my Landlord as a farther Encouragement, (at *TOM's* Request) made him a handsome Present of *three Penny Histories*, which he took great delight in poreing over of a Winter's Evening.

CHAP. X.

WILL. *for refusing to pay his Master's* Barber *and* Cobler, *is dismiss'd.*

TRUSTY was not a little pleas'd with the Reputation *WILL.* acquir'd, by the *VICAR's* Accusation; wherever it was proper, he gave him due Praises, and did him *particular Services* with my Landlord.

SQUELCH found it no easy matter to support his *good Fortune*, and really taking himself to be as *considerable*, as the Town *thought* him, gave a loose to his *Vanity*, and expected great Matters shou'd be done *suddenly* for him. He grew dissatisfy'd with his Business, grumbled continually, nor cou'd *TOM's* Advice to him be *easy* till a proper thing offer'd, and the Assurance of his *Friendship*, which he had often *experienced*,

perienced, avail; *he'd* be advanc'd *immediately*, or leave the Houſe; and what occaſion'd his doing ſo, (for all his Threats) ſooner than he deſign'd, was the following Behaviour of his.

My Landlord (who had not always ready Money about him) if there chanc'd to be a Bill brought him at ſuch a Time, uſually order'd it to be pay'd out of the *Till*, which *WILL.* had often done before without any Objections. It happen'd, his Maſter's *Barber* came for a Quarter's Shaving, and the *Cobler*, for Soling a Pair of ſhooting Shoes, and ſome odd Jobs; *WILL.* thought this a fit time to ſhew his *Reſentment*; he fell a mumbling, and ſaid, *It was very hard that his Maſter's* perſonal Debts *ſhou'd go out of that Box*, (not that it was a Pin out of his Pocket.) *Here's a rout*, ſays he, *with a plaguy* Barber! *Why the Devil can't he ſhave himſelf? I've known as* good *as* he *handle a Razor before now, and not be aſham'd on't. Then this* damn'd Cobler, *has always ſome Demand or other upon him: I'd ſooner walk upon my Head, than have ſuch a paltry Dun continually at my Heels. 'Twas but t'other Day, I paid for Ribband to tye his Collar and Shirt-Sleeves, the Taylor for new Vamping his Breeches, and a Score at Goody* Traſh's, *the next Apple Stall: No end of paying at this Rate.*—— This being mutter'd in the Yard before a great many of the Town's People, got to my Landlord's Ears; and tho' *TOM.* endeavour'd to calm his Anger, yet *he* order'd *WILL.* ſhou'd be *turn'd off* that Moment, reſolving not to bear ſo *inſolent* a Behaviour from one of his Domeſticks.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

WILL. *in great Rage at his being turn'd off, ſtrikes in with* HARRY HALTER, (*the quondam* Oſtler) *and their Endeavours to ruin the* Chamberlain.

WILL. was confoundedly *vex'd* at being diſmiſs'd in ſuch a manner, and tho' he had great *reaſon* to be ſatisfy'd with *TRUSTY*'s *Friendſhip* to him in this matter, yet as he cou'd not any other way be ſo well *reveng'd* of his Maſter; he turn'd his whole Reſentment againſt honeſt *TOM.* giving it out, that the Loſs of his Place was entirely owing to *his* carrying Stories of him to my Landlord, and that he wou'd be *even* with *him* very ſuddenly.

It happen'd that one *HARRY HALTER*, who was *Oſtler* at the *Red Lyon* when my Landlord came to it, but ran from thence for many *villainous Pranks*, and was oblig'd for ſome Years not to ſhew his Head in *Brentford*, was about this Time pardon'd by the good-natur'd Inn-keeper, and ſuffer'd to return with his Family into the Town. This Humanity of my Landlord's, occaſion'd what many of his beſt Friends foreſaw it wou'd; and becauſe the *Gentleman* was not immediately reſtor'd to his former Employment, or a *better*, he took all Occaſions of *abuſing* my Landlord, and his Servants. *TRUSTY*, who in complaiſance to his Maſter, had been very inſtrumental in bringing this Matter to bear, was one of the *firſt* that met his Reſentment, ſo that there cou'd not

not be a more *proper* Aſſociate for *WILL.* than *HALTER. HARRY* was once look'd upon as a good clever Fellow, but without any *Principle*; for while he liv'd at the *Red-Lyon* in Mrs. **Church**'s Time (*whom* he pretended to love *better* than a *Miſs* or a *Mug*) yet it came out very clear, that he had encourag'd an **Upſtart** to go to Law with her for all ſhe had in the World, in Prejudice to her *lawful Heir*; and 'twas thought a little before ſhe tip'd off, had ſo far gain'd upon the *old Woman*'s Weakneſs, as to have perſuaded her (had ſhe recover'd) to relinquiſh the Houſe and Buſineſs to **him**. *HARRY* had been *guilty* of ſo much *Roguery* while he ſerv'd Mrs. **Church**, that he was forc'd to *ſcour* upon her Death, and live upon the Charity of a *French Family* at *MORTLACK*, but behav'd ſo *ill*, that they ſoon grew tir'd of him. He there became *intimate* with a Chamber-Maid in the Houſe, who taking a Fancy to the Fellow, (for he cou'd be comical enough upon occaſion) kept him a long time from ſtarving. It was owing to her in ſome meaſure too, that he was ſuffer'd to return to *Brentford*; for ſhe liking the Place, made ſeveral Trips over the Water, pretending to diſpoſe of embroider'd Aprons, Necklaces, and other *French* Trifles, and paying frequent Viſits to Mrs. *DOLLY*, my Landlord's *favourite* Maid, inſinuated her ſelf ſo much into the old Gentleman's good Graces, that at their joint Sollicitation, he conſented to let *HALTER* come and ſettle once more in *Brentford*; to the great Concern of *moſt* who lov'd my Landlord, knowing him to be an *ungrateful, miſchievous Scoundrel*, that wou'd fly in his Face, the *firſt* Opportunity.

His

His Attempts to be reſtor'd into the Family proving vain, he turn'd *ſullen*, *moroſe*, and *abus'd* every Body in the Pariſh. *WILL.* and *he*, had many Years paſt been known to one another; but now their *Identity of Thinking*, made the *ſtricteſt Friendſhip* between 'em; and whatever *WILL.* ſaid, *HARRY* was ready to pawn his *Soul* for the Truth of, and ſo on the other Hand. But tho' upon all Occaſions, *they* made *ſolemn Declarations*, that the *abuſing* the *Family* and *Meaſures* of the *Red Lyon* was wholly owing to their *ſincere Affection* for their old Maſter; their *Malice* was ſo *apparent*, that thoſe Declarations had *no* Effect, but their Behaviour was look'd upon, as proceeding *meerly* from the *Rage of Diſappointment*, and the **being too well known to be truſted**

CHAP. XII.

HARRY's *Motion for ſetting up another* Red-Lyon *in* BRENTFORD, *and* WILL's *inſiſting that it might be the* Spread-Eagle.

FInding all their Endeavours to ruin *TRUSTY* in his Service, prove hitherto ineffectual, the Reſentment of ſuch *violent* Tempers is eaſier to be *imagin'd* than *expreſs'd*. However, *WILL.* ſtill vow'd his Deſtruction, and *HARRY* joyn'd with him moſt cordially; and if *ever* he was *ſincere*, it was *now*. *TRUSTY* well knew their *implacability*, but ſecure in his Innocence, *contemn'd* their Deſigns, which he foreſaw in the End wou'd fall with redoubled

Weight upon their own Heads. The following ſhort Dialogue between 'em, will beſt let the Reader into their Intentions.

HAR. Friend *WILL*, how goes it? what mak'ſt thee look ſo crabbed? Has my Dame miſcarried, or haſt thou had an ill Run at All-fours lately?

WILL. Can you know *TRUSTY*'s Situation, and ask me why I am four'd?

HAR. Right, *WILL*, but making Tyburn-Faces won't do the Buſineſs; he is not to be *ſtar'd* out of Favour, nor *talk'd* out, take my Word for it.

WILL. Was ever any Fellow ſo unlucky! Sure we were both born under ſome *Three-half-penny* Planet, *HARRY*, that all our Endeavours to undo him with his Maſter, only *root* him *ſtronger* in his *good Opinion.*

HAR. 'Tis too true: My Landlord is infatuated to him, but yet he's not out of the reach of our Reſentment, if we will but *determine* to do ourſelves Juſtice.

WILL. Which way? I'm ſure I left *no Stone unturn'd* to do his Buſineſs, by the *ſlyeſt* Inſinuation *Cunning* cou'd ſuggeſt to me; and you ſee to what Purpoſe.

HAR. To very good, I think; but a Pox of Inſinuations, let's proceed to do ſomething; Tattling is only fit for old Women, and ſince *TOM* and his Maſter are ſo *dear* to *one another*, let 'em *Both* feel our *Revenge.* What Obligations have you to my Landord, in the Manner he treated you? I ſhou'd think you need not loſe your Stomach, or wear a worſe Coat, whoever is Maſter of the *Red-Lyon:* 'Tis greatly in your Power to diſtreſs the *preſent*; nay, I may venture to ſay, ſend him from *Brentford* with a Flea

in

in his Ear. You know too a **Friend** of mine has long had an Inclination to come into the Houſe. Ah *dear Billy-boy*, there wou'd be *Days* for *you and I!*

WILL. To ſee *TRUSTY* ruin'd wou'd delight me beyond Expreſſion! I muſt be *reveng'd*, *HARRY*; find out a Means to *gratify* that, and diſpoſe of me as *you* will, I'll come wholly into your Meaſures.

HAR. Now, my Lad, I've ſome hopes of you, you are coming to the Point. What think you then of taking the *Frenchman*'s Houſe over the Way; ſetting up a *new Red-Lyon*, and keeping it open till *our* **Friend** abroad can ſhew his Head here himſelf? Beſides, we'll lay in ſuch a Cargo of *humming Port* and *excellent Tobacco*, that my Life to a Farthing we *ſecure all* the *Clergy*. You ſhall ſee in a Fortnight's time, there won't be a *Caſſock* upon the Road, but will come to *us*.

WILL. They are generally good Cuſtomers, and will do us Service, in drawing others after 'em; but d'ye think, ſhou'd your **Friend** come, he'd ruin *TRUTY*? For that's the *chief* Thing to be conſider'd.

HAR. Is *Brentford* dirty in Winter, or *Paul's* viſible at *Highgate*? Is it not owing to him, that *he* has been kept out of the Town ſo long? and that many of *his Favourers* have ſuffer'd for endeavouring to bring him in? and do you think *Maſter Thomas* wou'd go ſcot free? Judge by your own Reſentment, and then imagine *how he'll* paſs his Time.

WILL. I'm convinc'd this will be a ſure Method of working his Deſtruction, but ——

HAR. A *Scruple* remaining ſtill, *Billy*? Whilſt thou haſt any *Qualms* upon thee, there

is no good to be done, I promiſe you. Perhaps thou haſt a mind to be *reconcil'd* to him; I don't doubt but upon *due Submiſſions*, he may be brought to pull off his Hat to thee; you know he is of a *forgiving* Temper.

WILL. I *ſcorn* the Thought; but I muſt own, I have a ſmall kind of a *ridiculous Scruple* remaining with me yet——

HAR. Out with it my Boy, and I'll be ſworn to ſend it packing. I never ſuffer the leaſt *Doubt* to ſtand in my way, or prevent *whatever* I've a mind to.

WILL. I wou'd *endeavour* in this Affair, (as indeed in every Thing) to *keep up a ſort of Reputation:* Now opening another *Red Lyon* directly, may be conſtru'd by a *great many*, as the *blackeſt Ingratitude*; eſpecially when it comes out, as it muſt at laſt, that it is for my Maſter's *utter Enemy*, that wou'd deprive him of what he now enjoys. I ſhou'd not much care to lie under this *Reflection*; it may hurt us with ſome good Cuſtomers; and yet — I muſt demoliſh *TRUSTY.*

HAR. Ay, if Words cou'd do it, I ſee you are forward enough; but a Pox take your Conſcientiouſneſs! — Did'ſt thou ever hear that it went Hand in Hand with *Vengeance?* If thou art ſo *ſqueamiſh*, trouble me no more with thy Grievances, and let *TOM* uſe thee as thou *deſerv'ſt.*

WILL. Dear *HARRY*, not ſo hot — I think I've a better Propoſal. What ſay you to helping underhand the **Black-Spread-Eagle?** Who you know are at Odds with my Landlord, becauſe *he'd* prevent 'em fetching *Clay* from the ſame Pits the *Red-Lyon* does, to ſtop their Barrels with. This will come to the ſame Point

at

at laſt, and yet preſerve Appearances, it may be *our* **Friend's** Houſe; for I dare ſay *Blubber-lip'd CHARLES* will reſign *his* Intereſt in his Favour: By this Means we ſhall do more *real* Prejudice to the *Red-Lyon*, than if we were to open a new Houſe.

HAR. Troth, I believe this may do; an excellent Thought of yours, *WILL*, and has a glimmering of Succeſs. Let's immediately ſet about it; I'll take care to acquaint our People *abroad* with your glorious Intentions, which will make *your Fame* endure as *long* as *Brentford* is a Thorough-fare.

CHAP. XIII.

How their Project failing 'em, they began writing the **Brentford Mercury**, *and abuſing all the Neighbourhood.*

THE Stars who had hitherto ſcoul'd upon their Undertakings, were ſtill as *malevolent* as ever; and notwithſtanding their Endeavours to ſtir up the **Spread-Eagle** to hurt their old Maſter, (which *TRUSTY* detected 'em in) yet as an Accident happen'd which reconcil'd the two Innkeepers, all their notable Inventions fell at once to the Ground, and they had nothing now to comfort 'em for their Diſappointment but their own *ſweet Tempers*. *WILL.* ſwore like a *Carman* in a long Stop at St. *Clement's*; and *HARRY*, to avoid Reflection, made himſelf drunk for ſeveral Weeks together. At laſt they agreed to have one more *Tryal of Skill* with the Cham-

Chamberlain, determining to throw all the *Dirt* they cou'd, in hopes *some* wou'd ſtick at laſt, or at leaſt make him *uneaſy*, if they cou'd do *nothing* elſe, as a *Fly* can even make an *Archbiſhop* peeviſh, by tickling his *Metropolitan* Noſe.

It has been mention'd before, that *WILL.* wrote and read tolerably well, and ever taking great delight in peruſing *MIST*'s *Journal*, he determin'd to ſcribble a Paper in Imitation of the renown'd *NATT* in *Carter-lane*. *HARRY* who was *ſomewhat* of a *Wag*, was hugely pleas'd at the Thought; ſo down they ſat, and at firſt fill'd a Half-Sheet twice a Week with *Stupidity*, which was to be taken for *Judgment*, and *Scandal* and *Falſities* were to paſs for *Jokes*. They rak'd all the *Characters* their utmoſt extent of Reading, or *Hearſay* cou'd furniſh 'em with, and applied 'em to the honeſt Chamberlain, tho' no more applicable than a *Cobweb* to a *Cucumber*. But how *happily* did they hit upon a *Name* that began with the *ſame* Letter! A *T* was worth more than the reſt of the Alphabet to 'em; then poor *TRUSTY* had his *own* given him, as *they* call'd it. At one time Cardinal T. *Wolſey*, Sir Tho. *Clifford*, a *Broker*, *Caius Fabius*, T. Earl of *Leiceſter*, and a *Screen* were deſcrib'd—— There's *TOM.* for you, ſay they———Sometimes a *Quack Doctor* was diſtributing a *Golden Noſtrum* for *all* Diſtempers; *TOM.* again;—at others, a **Conjurer** pelting Three or Four hundred People with Money, and making 'em ſay *ay* or *no*; That's *he* to be ſure! Then an ignorant *Coachman* was ſat upon a Box, that did not know a Track, or to handle a Rein; your Servant Mr. *THOMAS*—— Then a *Sword-Cutler* whipping a *Blade* into every body's Hand he came near, begging

begging 'em to be upon their Guard; There's a *home Thruſt*! If a *Militia Colonel* lov'd *Fox-hunting*, up they mounted honeſt *TOM*. and away he muſt ride in ſpight of his Blood. Sometimes they found out an *unskilful Pilot* was running his Veſſel upon a Rock, and loſing the Crew——This can be *nobody* but *TRUSTY!* Again, the Penſionary *De Witt*, a *Puppet*, *Villars* D. of *Buckingham*, a *Rat*, and the judicious Mr. *Kiplin* Treaſurer to a *Muſical Club*, were each of 'em *liker TOM*, than a Glaſs cou'd ſhew him. Then he had a *Brother* a very valuable Man, and *he* was not *ſix Foot high*, which was certainly *abominable*, and not to be *born patiently* by any body: Beſides he had a tender *regard* for his *Family*, which was ſomething ſo notorious, that no civil Houſe ſhou'd harbour him. He was likewiſe a *Noodle*, a *Projector*, an *Old Woman*, a *Spendthrift*, an *Upholder*, a *Midwife*; and in ſhort every thing their *Ingenuity* compar'd him to, but *what* he *really* was, and which *they* were *truly concern'd* to ſee him.

But their Invention did not laſt long before they were reduc'd to put out a *Weekly* Paper only, under the Name of the **Trickſter**, or the **Brentford** *Mercury*. Here they exerted their utmoſt Skill, ſouz'd away all the Servants at the *Red Lyon*, and indeed the whole Neighbourhood and Towns-People, who prais'd the Entertainment they found there. *None* were *honeſt*, or allow'd *one* good Quality, but our *Authors* and their *Admirers*, (for ſome of the *Scum* of *Brentford* were ſo) and they ſcribbl'd away greatly to their *own Satisfaction*. Obſerving *MIST* often decorated his Paper with a Scrap of *Latin*, they reſolv'd not to want ſo *material* an Ornament; and upon Application

to

to a *Non-juring* **Parson**, who lodg'd some times at an Ale-house near *Hounslow-Heath*, and some times on the t'other side the Water, he very kindly assisted 'em with a Line or two of *occasional* Learning; but if they did not require it very *profund*, a *poor School-Boy*, by Name *Nic. Nisey*, whom they employ'd in writing the Paper over fair for 'em, tip'd 'em a *Motto*, as far as *Prosodia* or *Sententiæ Pueriles* cou'd furnish.

WILL's chief Talent lay in seeing *Visions*, and was never more tolerable, than when he fell *asleep*. *HALTER*'s Excellency was drawing the most *execrable* Characters, that ever *Tyburn* groan'd for, pretending they were *every* one of 'em *TRUSTY* to the Life. The *facetious* **Doctor** diverted himself sometimes with penning *Inscriptions* and *Prophecies*, which he pretended to have discovered on the Demolition of an old Oven, or in one of those many *valuable Depositories* of useful Knowledge, a *House of Office*, and sometimes had the *Art of Sinking* into *Puns*, *Riddles* and *Acrosticks*; while poor **Nic. Nisey** only copied over their several Productions; and if there was a *Silver Thimble* lost, a *Horse* stray'd from Grass, a *Farm* to be Lett, a *Woman* brought to Bed, or a *Wench* with her Belly up, it was his Province to give the Town of **Brentford** a full and true Account of all *such important* Matters.

End of the FIRST PART.